

KLIPPER-KLOPPER

And Other Verses for Children

By MARJORIE WILSON



KLIPPER-KLOPPER

By MARJORIE WILSON

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Klipper-Klopper

& Other Verses for Children



“Through the Haven of Lullaby,
Into the Port of Sleep.”

Fr.

Klipper-Klopper

& Other Verses for Children

By
Marjorie Wilson



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO

The Riverside Press Cambridge

*Printed in Great Britain
by Turnbull & Spears, Edinburgh*

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Klipper-Klopper

Klipper-Klopper down the Road

I MAKE them shirts and comforters and give
them lots of food ;
I darn their little trousers up and teach them
to be good ;

And when they go to school to learn, as little
Dutchies should,

They klipper-klopper down the road because their
shoes are wood.

The Wriggly Row

OH, I was the king of a garden once,
In the days of so long ago ;
I pulled up all straggly, scraggly weeds,
And filled up their places with little brown seeds,
Laid all in a wriggly row.

But ugly and bare looked that garden of mine,
For those little brown seeds lay low,
Till the old sun came and the sprinkling showers
Which magically tumbled them all into flowers,
And, kissing them, told them to grow.

Up High

OUTSIDE my window, through the grass,
There is a path where people pass ;
And sometimes, far against the sky,
An aeroplane comes floating by,
As high as any bird could be
Among the clouds. I cannot see
The flying-man, he is so dim,
And yet I wave my hand to him,
I wave my hand, as if to say
I give him cheer upon his way—
Although, of course, he does not know
That I am waving here below.

I Wish I Were an Artist- man

LAST night I saw the purple dark with
silver stars between,
Like little lights on Christmas-trees that
twinkle in the green.

The foxgloves on the cliffs I saw so tall against
the sky,
All strong and straight in coats of red, like soldiers
marching by.

I saw the waves toss up their heads along the
golden sand,
Then run again to meet the sea, like bathers hand
in hand.

I saw a fleet of scarlet leaves set sail across a
brook.

I wish I were an artist-man who paints things in
a book.

Baby of Mine

SUN and shower—baby of mine,
Over the laughing lea,
Purple sails in a misty light
Dip in a sapphire sea.

Rain and sun—sun and rain,
All in a pearl of dew !
Golden corn in a waving line
Under a sky of blue.

Life and love—baby of mine,
Here is a thought for thee—
Happy the heart that feels and knows
Beauty in things that be !

Fairy Lore

THOUGH your brow is grave and
puckered, and your hair is like the
snow,

And you think you've lived so many years there's
nothing more to know,

Yet in all your great experience, if you have never
met

An ordinary fairy—then there's lots you don't
know yet.

In the land without a sunset, if you've seen the
night come down,

If you've been inside a crater, or have watched
the midnight sun,

Still, just think how very little you have seen in
either case,

If you've never seen a fairy with the moonlight
on her face.

If you do not know the fairies yet who live beneath
your trees,

Though your friends may be archbishops, great
professors, or K.C.s,
And you spend your time at *levées*, or in chatting
to the King,
Although, of course, you know a lot—you don't
know everything.

Oh, you may have held a nation in the hollow of
your hands,
You may have written clever books which no one
understands ;
If you've never heard the laughter of the breezes
in your wood
As they chased a flight of fairies, then you really
aren't much good.

And you may be very witty, and you may be stern
and wise,
You might have built a submarine or made a ship
that flies,
And you may have fame and riches, but there's
lots you do not know—
If you've never found a fairy in the roses that you
grow.

A Lullaby

SAIL away to the Meadow of Dreams !
Thy cradle's a fairy boat.
The room is a billow that rocketh thee
Over the sea afloat.

Oh, a quivering line of silver fish
Shall follow to wonder at thee,
As the breezes swing thee up and away
Over a bending sea.

Some little gold stars shall watch above
To guide thy way on the deep
All through the Haven of Lullaby,
Into the Port of Sleep.

The Moonlight

LAST night the trees looked royal, like
kings—
Their carpet on the ground
Was made of moonlight, and their heads
With little stars were crowned.

I think that they were holding hands
Because it was the night,
And singing happy leafy songs
To show they were all right.

And suddenly among the ferns
I saw the Fairy Queen—
I wasn't absolutely sure,
But think it must have been.

The Stars

WHEN the dark is coming in
You can see the stars begin. . . .
They are little pools of light
In the meadows of the night.

Going to Bed

WE are sorry day is done,
And we wish the night was gone
Far away. . . .

Up the shadowed stairs we creep,

For we know

It is better we should sleep

When we grow.

And if night were always day

We should feel too tired to play.

This is what we always say

As we go.

Hurry Scurry

ONE day we went to London
And rode upon a bus
Quite close to other people,
And no one looked at us.

When living in the village,
We know them all so well ;
There's not a single person
Whose name we cannot tell.

There's Mr Hinks the cobbler,
The grocer's Mr Pratt ;
And Mr Salt who's got a farm ;
And just a few like that.

But we saw up in London
A thousand *quite* or more,
And each a strange new person
We'd never seen before.

And no one said " Good morning,"
For all were hurrying so.
We wonder where they come from,
We wonder where they go.

Grandfather Clock

OLD clock, as you stand there so grim and
so wise,
With your slow "Tick-tock-tick" for
your only replies,
What *can* people mean when they say that time
flies ?

We love you except when "It's bed-time" they
call,
And we beg for "just ten minutes more, that is
all,"
And they say, "It is late by the clock in the hall."

Last Christmas we longed for the click of the gate
As they told by your face that the letters were late,
Yet you only would say, though we scarcely could
wait,
"Tick-tock."

You told us so sadly the old year had fled,
We were sorry to think of the happy days dead.

Then your face lighted up as "A New Year" we
read.

When colours are sleeping, and darkness has
grown,
And the stairs just above give a creak and a moan
When ghost shadows creep and you stand there
alone,

And over the house-top the winds scream and
fight
Like some one unhappy outside in the night,
I believe that you say, to pretend you're all right,
"Tick-tock."

When we shall be older and solemn like you,
We'll creep down the passage as grown-ups, we
two,
To hear if you say as you once used to do,
"Tick-tock."

A Puzzler

DO tell me, please, who are you ?
Anywhere I've been
Such a funny fluffy thing
I have never seen.

I have swum from Fairyland
Right across the brook
From my cot of violets blue
In a ferny nook.

It was far too much for me
In the sunny day
To be put to go to sleep—
So I ran away.

Smothered up by violets
By a person's nurse,
Feeling not the least bit tired,
Could a thing be worse ?

Tell me, fluffy feather-ball,
Are you quite alone ?
Have you got a mummie too,
Far away at home ?

As I mean to learn a lot
Since I've come so far,
Kindly tell me, first of all,
Who and what you are.

The Mermaid

OH to lie in the arms of the big white
waves

That tumble and roll to the shelving caves
All under the shining sky !—
To dip in the waters so cool and green,
Deep, deep, where the mortals have never been,
With the morning sun on high !

With a string of pearls, and little pink shells,
Some flashing jewels from the deep sea dells
And lights of the spangled foam,
And a crystal crown, I would deck my hair,
All fanned and tossed by the salt sea-air,
All combed with an amber comb !

Fairies

WHEN the dew is breathing gently on
the meadow, plain, and steep—
When the hills are bathed in silver and
the valleys touched with sleep—
If you listen you will hear them through the
waving grasses creep.

When the golden stars are blinking in a purple
sleeping sky,
And you hear the harebells tinkle and the breezes
softly sigh,
You will know it is the footsteps of the fairies
passing by.

From the little mossy dingles with their crystal
dewdrop-wells,
When the dimpled moonlight quivers on the
golden bracken dells,
They are coming—softly treading through the
purple heather-bells.

From the corners of the forest with its broken
dreamy light
To the moonbeams on the meadows by the mush-
rooms strong and white
Are the woodland fairies coming—softly dancing
through the night.

Which Would You Be?

WHO would be simply a bird on a tree,
With a feathery coat as absurd as can
be,

To live on a bough with a worm for one's tea—

Ah ! who'd be contented alone on a tree,

With naught but a wriggly worm for one's tea ?

Who would be merely a boy on the ground,

With some buttoned-up boots and a face that is
round ?

(To learning and lessons he always is bound.)

Ah ! who'd be contented to keep to the ground,

With some buttoned-up boots and a face that is
round ?

King Sun

HUSH ! Over the hill-tops old King Sun
is waking,
And down through the shadows he's
making his way ;

He's kissing the clover-heads ; see, they grow
rosy

With joy at the thought of another sweet day !

Far over the meadows the daisies are sleeping—

So heavy with sleeping—all folded and white—

And dim by the streams bend the willows awweep-
ing—

All silent, and waiting the King with his light.

Ah ! see, he is wearing a crown that is golden,

For magic the power of the sceptre he wields—

So though it is early, come, let us be going

To gather the daisies awake in his fields !

By the Fire

IN our cottage where we live,
When the lamp is not yet lit—
By the hearth I love to watch
Forms of lights and shadows flit.

In the street the others play,
Calling me to join their games—
Here I see the people pass
In the pageant of the flames.

Old Trees

WHAT can you be doing up there, old
trees,
The heads of you waving so high,
While I am so little beneath you here,
And you—you must reach to the sky ?
Oh ! tell me the wonderful things that you see,
Old trees, as you whisper and sigh !

When the sun has sunk by the western hills
And carried away the light
Till the moon comes out with her diamond
stars
To jewel the sleeping night—
When I am tucked up in my bed, old dark
trees,
And you are all silver and white—

Then say, do fairy-folk wander this way ?
Through shadows you cast, do they creep

To moonbeams that blink on the clustering flowers
Of the bluebells down at your feet ?—
When you are awake in the moonlight, old trees,
And I in my cot am asleep ?

At the End of the Day

DROOPING buds of drowsy flowers
Nod their heads in sleep—
All the little baby things
Into cradles creep.

They are tired of playing so
Since the day was new—
You have left your toys as well,
You're a baby too.

I will rock you in my arms,
I will hold you tight
Till the old black night-time comes
Stealing all the light.

If I stay you will not then
Feel afraid at all
When the goblin shadows march,
Though you are so small.

Even little birds feel safe
Where the tree-tops bend,
For they know the old dark night
Is a baby's friend.

Do you know in time to come,
Though the clock's struck eight,
Like all other grown-ups do,
We shall stay up late ?

You will be a great big man,
So I have been told—
I shall be a woman then,
Very, very old.

Now, as you are still so small,
I will hold you tight,
For the dark is drawing near,
Stealing all the light.

Getting Big

WHEN you are little they button your
clothes

And do what they like with you.

They tell you the stories they wish you to know—

And you do what they tell you to do.

But when you begin to get really big

You say to yourself one day,

“I am making myself what I’m going to be,

And what I shall be will stay.”

A Resolve

I OFTEN think—now I'm grown up,
All solemn in a town—
How from the sloping Devon hills
The little lanes go down.

No honeysuckle smells so sweet
(All dripping from the rains) ;
No moss was ever quite so green
As in those primrose lanes—

And up-long by the heathered hills,
Or down-long by the sea,
They'll give you ' zider ' for your lunch,
And ' Demsher crame ' for tea.

The glow-worms stand like sentinels
And lamps along the street—
Upon the dewy grass at night
To guide the fairies' feet—

For sure no sweeter country bides
 Beneath the skies of heaven,
And sure am I that fairies haunt
 The little coombes of Devon.

The sailor-men are clean and tanned,
 Their eyes are like the seas—
The children have such rosy cheeks
 Like ‘ Tom Puts ’ from their trees.

I like to think the men are brave,
 The women fair and true—
That nowhere else in all the world
 The sea can be so blue.

I think I’ll put my books away
 And catch the train to Devon ;
I’ll hide away two dozen years,
 And just keep six or seven !

Jack

ALTHOUGH his home amongst the hills
was happy and was free,
Yet he was *such* a naughty boy, a
naughty boy was he—
He donned a little sailor suit and off he went to
sea.

And though they said “We love you so, and want
you, dear, to stay”—
He took his little bundle up and went his wilful
way.
“Adown the road I’ll come,” he said, “with
pockets full one day.”

And now while rolling is the sea and Jack is tossing
on it,
His daddy climbs the long white road and looks
in vain along it—
His mummy half the livelong day is crying in her
bonnet.

The Study

MY father has so many books
Upon his walls in rows ;
Each shelf begins down at my feet
And to the ceiling goes.

They have no pictures—only words
Close-printed, grey, and dim ;
But though they seem so strange to me,
They do not puzzle him.

He says they stand like little doors,
Wide open night and day ;
Or sunny sails upon the sea
To bear you worlds away.

Or they are happy friends, he says,
With knowledge in their eyes.
And some are young with tune or song,
But some are old and wise.

And when the world is still and dark
 (When I am long asleep),
And he is sitting with his pipe,
 All lonely—then they creep

And clamber from the dusky shelves,
 As wakened fairies might,
To come and twine their hands in his,
 Deep, deep into the night.

And though the soft snow piles outside,
 Or winds wail in the gloom,
Their sunshine steals about his heart
 And floods his shadowed room.

And so I like to see them there—
 The books so quiet and prim—
For though they are like that to me,
 They're very dear to him.

Pamela and the Flowers

To Pamela Winter

PAMELA loves flowers so much,
I think the flowers know—
For when they hear her coming
They hurry up and grow.

All the lazy, dusty seeds
Turn over in their beds,
Although they may be fast asleep,
And out they pop their heads.

And some grow into violas,
And some turn into stocks ;
Some only grow three inches high,
And some are hollyhocks.

Wide-open roses best of all
She loves, but sure I am
She doesn't love them any more
Than all the flowers love Pam.

For out come all their brightest frocks,
And sweeter scent they give
When Pamela comes down the path
To where the flowers live.

Wishes

I 'D like a tiny little house
Right out upon the moor,
With rabbits scuttling all about—
The heather at my door.

I'd like a funny little dog
Who'd romp like anything—
I'd like to go to Fairyland—
And curtsy to the King.

I'd like to have a shiny dress
That sparkles when you move ;
And over a hundred story-books—
And lots of folks to love.

The Look

YOU may think this story is past belief,
But—Meg saw a fairy crossing a
brook—

Chin upon knees—on a floating leaf—
(And that's what gives Meg the fairyfied
look).

There's some one like Meg who lives over
the way
(For fairyfied people you know at a glance)—
They say he is eighty if he is a day—
And he sees them—often—and joins in their
dance.

Now Meg is only just seven years young—
Which isn't very much older than you—
So you'd better hunt round if you do not
know one
(Though I'm fairly certain you talk to them
too).

For if you find *one*, on a gold buttercup—
On a cloud, or a leaf on a little brown brook—
You'll never get too much very grown up,
And you always will have the fairyfied look.

A Fairy's Tale

To Peter Perkin

AWAY through the forest and over the
fields—
At the foot of the farthest down—
Some Human Beings are living, they say,
In a place that is called a Town.

It's the rook who lives in the branches above
(The one with such strong black wings),
Who has seen them moving and heard them
speak—

So we know there must be such things.

There the little ones sleep the whole night
through,

Or so he has heard it said—

For the time of night that we all get up
Is the time when they go to bed.

They say when going to bed is done
 (Always a bit of a fuss)
That the mortal mothers sit by their beds
 And whisper them stories of us !

In Bed

IN the evening when behind the hills the sun
begins to creep,
And you tuck your nose inside the clothes
and try to go to sleep—
When you *know* the fields are just the same, you
know the world is fair—
It's very hard to be a child and still lie quietly
there.

The Postman

SO wonderful the postman is,
Such magic he can do,
To carry sentences and words
Between myself and you—

To hold such mysteries on his back,
Such secrets in his hand,
And leave surprises at your door—
I cannot understand

How he can be so calm and cool,
And how it is he can
Just quietly walk along the street
Like any other man.

Magic

THE Buttercups step off their stalks
When we are all in bed,
And make a little golden crown
For every fairy's head.

The Lady's-shoes are for their feet,
The Harebells play the tunes,
The Dandelions are baby suns,
The Marguerites are moons.

Dewdrops are diamonds for the Queen,
The Beetles motor-cars.
The Butterflies are aeroplanes
To take her to the stars.

The Forest

I THINK the Forest is a queen
In squirrel-brown or silver-green.
The gold leaves are her waving hair ;
And flowers glisten everywhere
Around her feet, a jewelled hem.
The moonlight is her diadem.
And many times on Christmas night
She wears a party-dress of white.

The Waves

ACROSS the wet and shining sand I saw
the golden sea.

The waves were laughing in the sun
and rolling up to me.

Then back they went—and on they came and
tumbled in the caves.

I think that I have never seen such happy things
as waves.

A Conversation

HOW many good little girls can there
be,
And how many good little boys ? ”

“ As many as all the garden roses,
And a huge lot more than my toys.”

“ And how many bad little boys and girls,
That grumble and kick and shout ? ”

“ Oh, those are the people that nobody counts,
So they needn't be spoken about.”

To Tony

Aged Three

(In Memory of T. P. C. W., 1918)

GEMMED with white daisies was the
great green world
Your restless feet have pressed this long
day through.

Come now and let me whisper to your dreams,
A little song grown from my love for you.

There was a man once loved green fields like
you ;

He drew his knowledge from the wild birds'
songs ;

And he had praise for every beauteous thing,
And he had pity for all piteous wrongs. . . .

A lover of earth's forests—of her hills,

And brother to her sunlight—to her rain—

Man, with a boy's fresh wonder. He was great
With greatness all too simple to explain.

He was a dreamer and a poet, and brave
To face and hold what he alone found true.
He was a comrade of the old—a friend
To every little laughing child like you.

.

And when across the peaceful English land,
Unhurt by war, the light is growing dim,
And you remember by your shadowed bed
All those—the brave—you must remember him,

And know it was for you who bear his name,
And such as you, that all his joy he gave—
His love of quiet fields, his youth, his life,
To win that heritage of peace you have.

The Soldiers Who Came to Our Village

YESTERDAY they passed along here—
Dick and I were in the hay
When we thought we heard them
coming,
Faint at first and far away.

Never, since the circus came here,
Have we run at such a rate.
Dick, who's not as small as I am,
Was the first to reach the gate.

Like a monstrous khaki ribbon
Down the road they grew and grew—
Everybody in the village
By that time was watching too.

Mother on that busiest morning
Left the cream she had to churn—
Mary, with her hands all floury,
Ran and left her bread to burn.

Peter, with his legs adangle,
Watching on the orchard wall,
Hurried so he kicked his milk-pail
Full of milk—and spilt it all.

Father scurried with his hay-fork,
Holding it up very high
With his hat stuck up upon it,
Waving it as they went by.

Dick and I will both be soldiers,
Marching bravely as they do—
Janet cries because we tell her
She can't be a soldier too.

Dick said girls are not allowed to—
When she asked the reason why—
As in wartime there'd be no one
Left behind to kiss good-bye.

Mother says we should be happy
For such men—and filled with pride—
Yet if she felt glad to see them,
How we wonder why she cried !

The Blind Soldier

ONCE, playing in the Park, there came
A blind man to that place.
The sunlight that he could not see
Was shining on his face.

He walked so close to one of us—
And knew she was a child—
Because he touched her on the head
And spoke to her, and smiled.

And we were sad to see him blind—
We hushed, and stopped our play,
And wished that we could go with him
To help him on his way.

.

We told them this when we got home,
Of how we saw him pass—
They said that though he could not see
The sunshine and the grass,

They do not think that it is night,
Or darkness of the mind,
To him who bravely enters in
The Kingdom of the Blind.

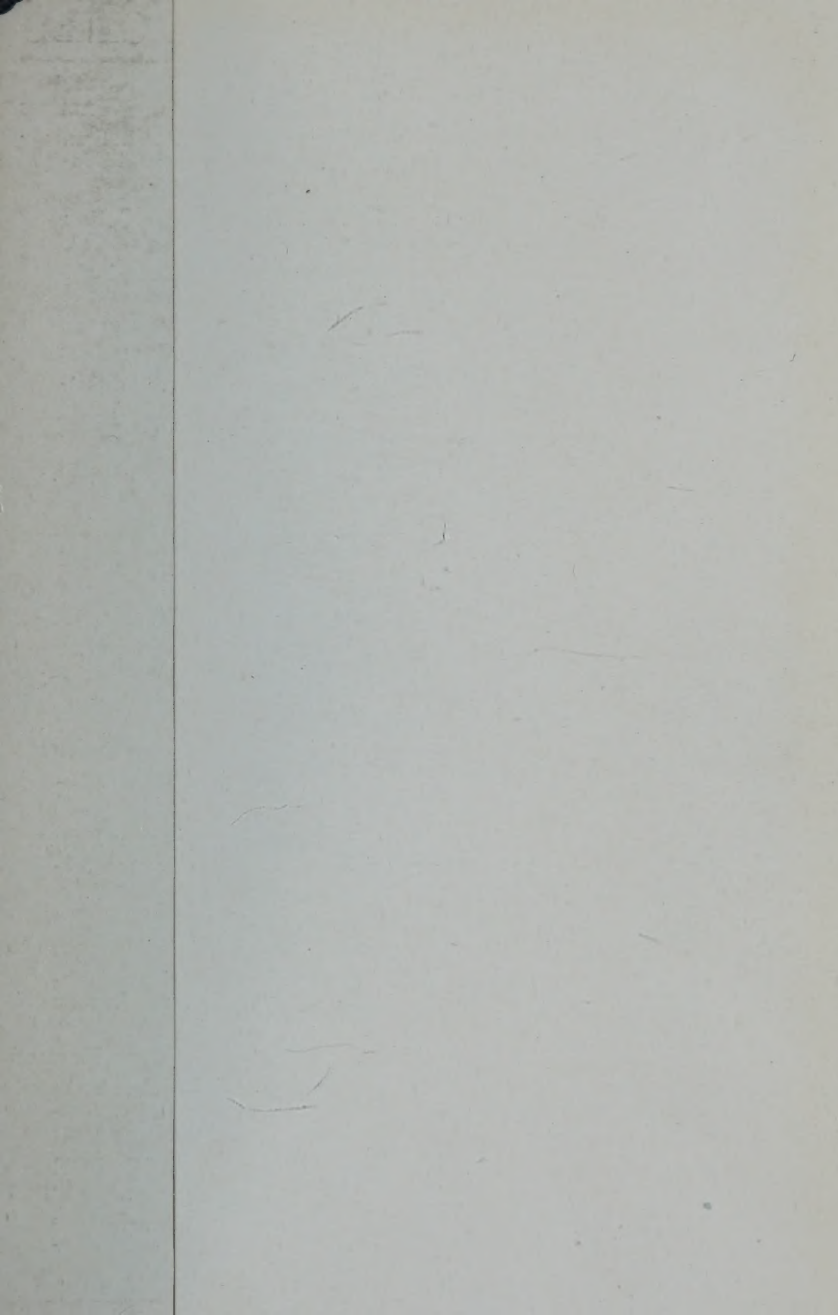
For sometimes in that shadowed world
Where he must live apart—
God lights a little shining lamp
And sets it in his heart,

And gives him too a little key
To many things unseen. . . .
(I find it rather difficult
To know just what they mean.)

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